

A Practical Wife Hunter

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Old man Burton was a miser, if not a miser. He was a widower with one son, Johnny, who was kept so close so far as spending money was concerned that he had no idea his father was rich. How should he have when the property was all in gilt edge bonds hidden away in a box in the vaults of a savings and investment company? The boy was sent to school till he was sixteen years old, then put to work.

One day when Johnny was twenty-two years old his father died and the young man was astounded to find himself in possession of securities worth half a million of dollars. From having nothing to spend except what he needed for necessities out of \$1,000 a year he had now \$25,000.

Though John was a very plain young man, with not much education, and utterly untrained to the ways of a gentleman, he had good common sense. He realized early that no matter how rich a man is he can spend but a moderate sum without injury to himself; that to enjoy recreation one must first work, and that, as the old song says, "there's no place like home." Acting on these principles, he set himself to the task of getting a wife who had the same quality of sense as himself. One who had been brought up in affluence would be ashamed of him; one who had been brought up in poverty would not likely find herself married to a man with a large income without losing her head.

How was he to proceed? He had few, if any, acquaintances with young women. By setting up an establishment he could easily make acquaintances, but he was modest enough to think they would only care for what they could get out of him. Those who were retained would look down on him while spending his money, and those who were not retained would not know how to spend it.

John had never heard of the great calliph, Haroun-al-Raschid, who went about disguised, looking into the affairs of his subjects, in order to right wrongs, but he adopted similar means. He applied to a typewriter manufacturing company for a position as salesman. Purchasing a horse and wagon suitable to his purpose, he went about from house to house, supposedly looking for customers, but really looking for a wife.

His clientele were largely women, and most of these were young. His method of making acquaintances proved available. True, out of the many he visited he made the acquaintance of but few. One great advantage he had—none of the girls he visited was on her guard, and he was surprised to see how many were selfish, heartless and unamiable. Many were the snubs he received, now and again a girl got up for fascinating purposes slamming the door in his face with a harsh "Don't want any typewriters." John could not help thinking how different would be his reception if she knew that he was looking for a wife to help him spend \$25,000 a year.

One morning he called at a house where he was received at the door by a nice looking young woman, who said to him kindly: "I would be glad to buy a typewriter of you for two reasons. In the first place, I could make money if I owned one, and, in the second, I always sympathize with those who are compelled to make their living by canvassing. I know how hard it would be for me to do that kind of work, and I can understand how hard it must be for you."

"That's the first bit of sympathy I've got since I began this work. Would you mind letting me come in and rest a few minutes? I've not made a sale for so long that I'm a bit discouraged."

"Certainly. Come in."

She took Johnny into a living room and, disappearing, returned with some bread and butter and cold meat on a plate. "You look hungry," she said. "I'm afraid you've not had a good meal today."

John offered to sell the girl a typewriter on easy terms, telling her at the same time that his employer paid him his commission down. It was this desire to help him that decided her. She could get work if she had the typewriter to do it with, and the terms offered were all notes, no cash. She was sure she could meet the notes and make something besides.

John collected the money on the notes himself, and they were all paid at maturity. He lingered frequently when making his collections, and in this way an intimacy grew up between the two. A time came when John told her that he was doing much better than at his first visit to her and thought that he would like a home if she would help him build it up. The young lady put him off till she could find out something about him. He was very methodical in the matter of giving her references, taking care to instruct those he referred to say nothing about his means.

The young woman on receipt of the testimonials that John Burton bore an excellent character consented to help him build a home, continuing her typewriting. A month before their marriage John confessed to her how he had looked for a wife on his own plan and told her to order what she needed for the bridal and have the bills sent to him.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton spend about one-tenth of their income and give most of the balance away. The wife proved an excellent medium for charity purposes.

MINNESOTA'S NOSE.

Curious History of the Jog in Our Northern Boundary Line.

How did the United States come to get that small corner of land which juts out from the extreme northern boundary of Minnesota? History of that little "nose" which sticks out into Canada from Minnesota and which constitutes the northernmost point of the United States is very interesting.

Under the treaty of 1783 the boundary between the United States and British possessions was fixed. A certain point on the Lake of the Woods was mutually agreed to as one starting point, this being considered the headwaters of the St. Lawrence river and great lakes system.

At that time it was not known whether this point was north or south of the forty-ninth parallel, but it was known to be close to it. The understanding was that from that point the boundary should go north or south to the forty-ninth parallel, as the case might be.

Later and more accurate surveys showed that point was about twenty-five miles north of the forty-ninth parallel, and so at this place the boundary makes a jog above that line.

Uncle Sam thus has a little piece of territory of about a hundred square miles in extent north of the general boundary. And the joke of it is that any one has to go by water in order to reach this little piece of territory unless he wants to go through Canada.—Pathfinder.

LOVE SWAYS THE ARTIST.

His Work Shows the Glorifying Power of the Grand Passion.

"How Wagner must have loved when he wrote that!" exclaimed old King William of Prussia when he heard "Tristan and Isolde" for the first time. We know now through the publication of Wagner's love letters and other biographical and autobiographical material that he was in love with Mathilde Wesendonck when he composed the opera. This passion was warp and woof of that immortal music drama, the greatness of which compelled Wagner all the rest of his life to hold himself up to his highest level of production.

Frank Harris has pretty definitely proved that Shakespeare wrote "Antony and Cleopatra" under the influence of a tragical and hopeless love for Mary Fitton. It has been declared by a great critic that "Antony and Cleopatra" has in it every shred of Shakespeare's vitalizing power and that as tragedy it marks the zenith of his achievement. If it is indeed Mary Fitton who is in it she possesses a monument more glorious than any memorial of stone ever raised to a potentate, a saint or a god.

Not every man who lives by art is a Shakespeare or a Wagner, but every artist, great or small, is subject to the same principle of the animating and glorifying power of love.—Joseph Edgar Chamberlain in New York Mail.

Mental Medicine.

"Imagination," says a doctor, "must always be reckoned with in medicine—sometimes as a friend, sometimes as a foe. I know a doctor who treated an old woman for typhoid, and on each visit he took her temperature by holding a thermometer under her tongue. One day when she had nearly recovered the doctor did not bother to take her temperature, and he had hardly got 100 yards from the house when her son called him back.

"Mother is worse," said the man. "Come back at once."

"The doctor returned. On his entry into the sickroom the old woman looked up at him with angry and reproachful eyes.

"Doctor," she said, "why didn't you give me the jigger under me tongue today? That always done me more good than all the rest of your trash."—New York Tribune.

OUR INSECT ENEMIES.

Whole Nations Have Been Weakened by These Perilous Foes.

Our instinct to kill insects is perfectly sound. Out of the 250,000 species now known to science a mere handful are even remotely helpful to man, and most of these only by their power of living upon other and more dangerous insects. On the other hand, thousands of species are actively hostile to man, to his food plants and to his domestic animals.

Whole tribes have been swept out of existence by the attack of insects carrying bacilli—as within the last two decades in central Africa, by the dread "sleeping sickness" carried by the tsetse fly. Whole nations have been weakened and crippled and whole civilizations retarded by another insect borne disease, malaria.

Indeed, recent investigators have advanced the theory that the historic decline of both Greece and Rome was largely due to the ravages of this disease, brought into Europe by armies returning from wars in Asia and Africa. It may yet come, when we see things in their true perspective, that the warriors of civilized nations will turn from slaughtering one another to battling against our insect enemies.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson in "Common Diseases."

Made It Complete.

When Latham, the famous operatic singer, was presented to Queen Victoria, her majesty, who had heard of the artist's hobby, asked if it was true that he had a large collection of snuffboxes. He replied that it was correct. He had one for every day in the year—365.

"Nevertheless your collection is not quite complete," was the queen's response. "Here is another for leap year."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Miser's Hoard

By M. QUAD

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Moses Taylor must have been well over fifty years old when he arrived in the village of Noblestown and brought his reputation as a miser with him. He bought an old shack of a house and paid spot cash for it and then opened business.

Once a week Moses bought about 30 cents' worth of meat and groceries. He was surly and had little to say to men.

By and by Moses Taylor became a fixture and belonged to the town. No one cared whether he lived or died, and it was generally believed that he had no relatives. The speculation about him and his hoard never died out. His wealth had been placed at \$20,000 in gold when he first came. If it ever showed signs of reduction a wire fence man would come along and say:

"Gentlemen, don't you fool yourselves. Moses Taylor has at least a hundred thousand in bright yellow boys planted in his cellar."

Then there would be a higher respect for Moses, and the wire fence man would be looked upon as a sort of hero.

The miser's shack was in a suburb. The nearest house was forty rods away. While its inmates did not neighbor with the old man, they got into the habit of keeping track of him. They looked for the smoke of his chimney in the morning and for the disappearance of his lean candle at an early hour in the evening. It was a sort of guardianship without meaning to be. It had gone on for years and years, when one November morning there was no chimney smoke, Moses had been seen the afternoon of the day previous, and it was noticed that he was very feeble.

After a wait of several hours men went over to the shack and pushed open the door and found the old man dead in his chair. As if he had planned the thing to be a bit dramatic, his stiff fingers held a two dollar bill. The proper authorities were notified and took charge. At the coroner's inquest the doctors gave it as their opinion that the old man had died from the want of proper food and care.

If a Fourth of July and a circus and a presidential election had hit Noblestown on the same day there would have been no more excitement than over the taking off of the old miser. Exclamations and suggestions and comments few fast.

"He must have made a will," observed Rev. Barnes, "and I have hopes that he left a legacy to my church to pay off the mortgage."

The Rev. Barnes had collected several hundred dollars for the heathen, but had never carried old Moses so much as a cracker.

A schoolmaster expected at least \$500 because he had once bowed to the old man.

A certain widow expected that much or more because she had looked over her gate at him as she passed.

One of the merchants had sold Moses a pair of shoes at cost upon an occasion, and he moved about whispering:

"Those old misers never forget one who has befriended them. I think I can count on at least \$400—I think I can."

It had been taken for a certainty that Moses had no relatives; but, land alive, how they came tumbling over each other as soon as the newspapers got to work!

It took the full force of the sheriff of the county to hold the people off while the proper officials searched the old shack.

A three room shack, almost without furniture, is soon searched. Of course the first thing was to find the will.

No will—not even an old letter, not even a memorandum. If will there was or had been one of the two lawyers in town must have drawn it, as old Moses had never left the town after his arrival.

Neither of the lawyers had drawn a will.

There was more talk about graft, and one or two were bold enough to say that the searchers had found the will and pocketed it.

Now for the hoard. It was estimated by the villagers at \$150,000 and by the relatives at \$250,000. Six or seven stickup fights took place before the crowd compromised on \$200,000.

No gold! No greenbacks!

"But there must be!" yelled the outsiders.

"We have made a careful search and found only the \$2 he had in his hand when he died."

"It must be hidden in the walls."

"Then come and find it."

Not a man got into that house without being thumped, and not a man got out until thumped some more. The searchers were searched, and then the shack was torn limb from limb, so to say. Not a dollar—not a shilling—not even a copper penny!

"But where has it gone?" was demanded.

The answer didn't come then, but a year later, when a stranger visited Noblestown who had known Moses Taylor for years and years, Moses had about \$800 cash after buying the shack. He had lived on the sum all the long years, and the \$2 was the last of it. It was likely that he hadn't had a decent meal in all that time. When the explanation was made everybody said: "So, that was the way of it, eh? Well, he ought to have been kicked for playing us a dirty trick!"

And that's poor human nature!

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